

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Oh My God"

[Q-tip:]

Listen up everybody the bottom line

I'm a black intellect, but unrefined

with precision like a bullet, target bound

just livin like a hooker, the harlett sounds

now when I say the harlett, you know I mean the hott

V-A-V-A-Vader, the brothers in the spot

Jalick, Jalick ya wind up ya hit

Captain of the poets, I'm the #7 pick

lick, lick, lick boy on your backside

lick, lick, lick boy on your backside

listen to the fader, Shaheed lets it glide

Tip the earthly body

heavens on my side

even in Santo Domingo

Can I gotta Gringo

we got mikes when do we go

know a little nigga who can ryhme when you ask me

short, dark, and plus his voice is raspy

Phife Dawg

1 for the treble

2 for the bass

you know the style Tip

it's time to flip this

I like my beats hard like two day old shit

steady eatin booty M.C's like cheese Grits

My man Al B. Sure, he's in effect mode

used to have a crush on Dawn from En Vogue

it's not like honey dip would wanna get with me

but just in case I own more condoms then T.L.C.

now the formula is this Me, Tip, and Ali

for those who can't count it goes 1-2-3

The answer(scratch-Damn right I'm)Hiccup is how i be

brothers find it's hard to do but never me

some brothers try to dis my malik

you see'm ditchin me

now cure all the B.B. M.C.'s my shit is hittin

trainin gladiator, anti-hesitater

Shaheed push the fader from here to Granada

Mr. energetic, who me sound pathetic

when's the last time you heard a funky diabetic?

(I don't know man[3x])

(I don't know[2x])

[Chorus:]

(Oh My God yes, Oh my god [x10])

[Q-Tip]

Complimentary it be
the theif of Poetry

I got a humdinger comin hook line and sinker
the TIMBO hits with the prints underground
TIMBO's on the toes, i like the way it's goin down
down like the lady of the evenin
when it goes in Toots just beleive the sin
cuz Queens is the county, Jamaica is the place
Take off your boots cuz you can't run the race

[Chorus:]

(Oh My God [x14])